

# THE GATEWAY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS' UNION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

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EDMONTON, ALBERTA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1944

THESE DAISIES AND JOES SHOW THE OTHERS HOW ITS DONE ON WAW-WAW WEEK-END



The above series of photogenic shots illustrates the wonderful time in store for all you Daisies and Joes. From top left to right, that blissful smile on Johnny Koch's face is for Elaine Wagner, who is just about to feed him. Next we see Boyne Johnston settling President Alf Harper into his chair, while Elaine and Johnny look on. There they are eating, mmm—Johnny just can't eat his all by himself. Elaine hands over the mazuma to the Caf cashier. Lucky males—see how well those Daisies attend to you. That last shot is typical of the perfect clinch. We hope you'll all have a big time.

## Major War Drive Objective, \$1,500; Therapy Unit to Be Purchased; Campus Military Give Cigarettes

Thirteen members of the Alberta Students' Council met in the Senate Chambers on Wednesday night to discuss and decide on matters of student business. Of the two and a-half hours spent, a considerable portion was devoted to lamenting and bemoaning the fact that the general student body is being told what to do, what not to do, and above all, where to go. Council does not like this, at all. Many and various opinions were expressed, but they differed as to method rather than purpose.

The meeting was called to order by President Alf Harper, who introduced the two new members of Council—Joe Shotter, appointed president of the Literary Association, and Bus Osborne, representative of the newly-created Musical Association.

A report was heard from Al Ross, chairman of the Major War Drive. It was decided that the drive be directed toward the purchase of a skin-therapy unit for the returned men in the new University Hospital wing. Such a unit will cost in the neighborhood of \$1,500, and that figure was set as the goal for Ross' campaign. The manifold uses of this new type of unit were extolled by Ross, who had little difficulty in persuading Council that the unit was a most worthy object for the '44-'45 drive. Plans for raising the money were outlined, and Ross' idea is that this year the donor will get something for his money.

The probability—a reasonably bright one—that the University would have the use of the Athabasca gym and dining room after Christmas for dances and athletics, was expressed by Harper, who has been making all possible investigations into the matter.

The fund, which at the request of the Edmonton Branch of the Alumni Association, was started to provide cigarettes for Alberta University students overseas has reached \$357 already, and it is expected by Hu Harries, who is in charge of the fund, that the amount will reach the required \$400. The Council wished to make known its appreciation to the members of the student body of the campus military services, who have pledged this whole amount out of their pay. It was recommended that the cigarettes be sent, with the credit going to the students who have contributed.

A report by Jim Barton on the lighting and public address system was read and adopted. Charges to all non-union clubs using these systems, with their operation, will be \$2.00 per night.

Betty King was appointed to the Committee on Student Affairs to replace Lillian Reid.

It was decided that the telephone handbook be sold to non-students at 25¢ each.

The M.U.S. was loaned \$184 to help finance the recent Camisi conference. This amount will be refunded from Camisi before the end of the fiscal year. Expenses of Camisi are pooled among all the medical undergraduates in Canada.

A letter from Dr. Newton regarding signs was read by Alf Harper. Discussion followed. Quite a bit of discussion. It is now an offence to post election signs on the billboard at the corner of 89th Ave. and 12th Street, in the Cafeteria, and on the doors of University offices. Students who are electioneering will be requested to remove such signs as they put up in the course of their campaign.

The Junior Prom budget was passed after alteration. The ruling regarding decorations for class and house dances, made after the outbreak of war, was almost unanimously reaffirmed. There will be no decorations for class and house dances. The price per couple for Junior Prom tickets will be \$1.75, as compared with \$2.00 last year.

The general tone of the meeting was inspiring in this way: this year's Council won't take anything sitting down. That's good. But it does spend considerable time bickering over matters about which nothing can be done.

### POLITICAL SCIENCE AND DEBATING CLUBS

Mr. Mowatt, who writes for Toronto Saturday Night and other magazines, will speak to a combined meeting of Political Science and Debating Clubs, in the Med Building, Thursday, Nov. 23, 8:15 p.m. Subject: Situation in the Middle East.

### Hot Campaign Precedes Voting; Jeffries Elected

Bob Jackson is Sec.-Treas.

This year the Freshmen conducted a colorful election campaign, which is in line with the general up-swing of campus spirit around Varsity. There were no acclamations, as there were at least two candidates for every job. Nominees were: President, Ross Jeffries and Dan (Sandy) Sandulak; Vice-President, Mike Streeper and Frances Waddell; for Sec.-Treas., Bob Jackson, Colin (Call-in) Campbell, and Neville Lindsey were running competition. In the running for the three executive positions were John Koch, Crawford Ferguson, Ron McDonald, Ross Melby, Bud McDonald, Elaine Wagner, and Francis Stanley.

Most of the candidates were on one of the two slates in existence, one with the euphonious name, "Cream of the Crop," and the other a no-name slate. Candidates flashed their peppy smiles in person and from vari-colored placards beautifying the university buildings and grounds.

One group, believing that political greatness lies in service, set up a free shoe-shining service in the rotunda of Arts, while the feminine portion attempted to gain votes by giving sweet kisses for the cause—a few juniors and seniors, to console them for their lack of franchise in the forthcoming election, were given kisses anyway. A labor of love, no doubt.

Tuesday night a not-so-old-fashioned revival meet was held in the basement of Big Tuck, with the idea of entertaining the frosh, while showing them the handsome gentlemen and lovely ladies for whom they were expected to cast their ballots.

Quigley, valiantly holding the floor despite numerous turkey-cackles from the rear, acted as M.C., helping bewildered students to become more bewildered, and commended the spirit shown by the freshies, which, as usual, put the upperclassmen to shame.

Shirley MacDonald, accompanied by Lois MacPherson, then crooned for the open-mouthed crowd, "Together" and "I'll Walk With You" so convincingly that every male in the audience thought (in his supreme masculine conceit) she was singing to him alone.

Foster Scott, in his celebrated "Skonk" sweater (recently elected president of boogie), then gave a couple of impromptu numbers so effectively that five minutes after

it was all over, the entire crowd was still swaying in unison. With those finger-exercises, Foster should make a good surgeon.

After the candidates were introduced by Quigley, and Shirley MacDonald sang for us "Some Day I'll Meet You Again," lunch (sandwiches and coffee) were served to the tune of the harmonious discord emanating from the corner where Gus Griffin, Ross Melby and Foster Scott were supplying some jam for dessert.

Gordon Weisser, winner of the ticket prize, receives a brown leather writing set, even though he wasn't there.

Following the draw of the prize ticket, a torch parade wound its way over to the drill hall, where freshmen danced to records played over the P.A. system by Bruce Alsopp.

Wednesday, as Quigley said, the froshies ran like dogs to the polls, and by a late flash we bring you the results:

President: Ross Jeffries.  
Vice-Pres: Frances Waddell.  
Sec.-Treas.: Bob Jackson.  
Executive: Elaine Wagner, Johnny Koch, Rod McDonald.

### Share Gateways With Service Men

The Gateway is no longer sending copies of the paper to ex-students in the forces in Canada. This is due to the fact that there was not available a large quota of newsprint, and we had run over our quota last year because of these extra copies. However, we feel that there are many students attending the university who have the current address of some ex-student still stationed in Canada in the forces, to whom they could send their copies of The Gateway after they have finished reading them themselves. We think the idea is one worth trying to carry out.

So how about every student every week sharing his Gateway with some ex-University of Alberta student in one of the three services. We know they'll appreciate this—letters we have received from them testify to this—and we are more than sorry that we are unable to carry this service on ourselves.

### FWISH

I sometimes  
wish  
I was a  
fish.  
Do you think  
this  
a fishy  
wish?

## Co-Eds Take Over Week-End of Festiv

Waw-waw Days are here again, and if the deluge of advertisements from dateless males is any indication of the popularity of the week-end's activities, there'll be a terrific time in store for all you Daisies and Joes. And gals, you should just glimpse the handsome brutes who are daily pouring into The Gateway office armed with their telephone numbers and that date or die look in their beseeching eyes. Through the courtesy of The Gateway (Pulleyblank's handbook being still around the corner), you have scads of numbers to call up. So give our campus males a break, cause they are all more anxious to be seen at all the functions this week-end. Why, only the other night (we were told this) one of the boys (after a strenuous evening of solitaire), before retiring, got down on his prayer bones and was heard to say, "And please, let me be asked out at least once during Waw-waw Week-end." So you see, with spirit like that, there's positively no excuse, girls, for being stagettes.

Just in case the functions have slipped your mind, here's a reminder. You coke the Joes all day Friday. Friday night there's the theatre part at the Garneau starting at ten to seven, complete with those cinema idols from the Law and Outdoor Clubs: Owen Jones and his Troubadours will lull you into a sense of all's well. Saturday afternoon, instead of the rugby game, there'll be a mammoth jive session at the Barn. Daisies and Joes will be admitted for campus "A" cards and a war savings stamp each. This jam affair will start at approximately three or so. And Doug Love and his assistants predict a

marvellous time for all.

The highlight is the dance Saturday evening in Con. Hall. Admission will be according to the size of the heads of the lucky Joes who rate invitations. It's a big responsibility for the Waw-waw Committee, so come on, gang, show them you are all set to make this Waw-waw Week-end the best yet.

### Prom on Nov. 28

Flash! Ron Helmer, newly-elected President of the Junior Class, has announced that the Junior Prom will be held Wednesday, Nov. 28, at the Barn. This semi-formal affair is considered the highlight of the Varsity social year. Juniors will receive the first chance to purchase tickets, with Seniors and other classes to follow in turn.

As yet details for the Prom are unavailable, but more information will be revealed in the next issue of The Gateway.

### Library Receives Fungus Books

Thanks to the generosity of the Philosophical Society and The Friends of the University, the Library has just received a famous five-foot Library all about Fungi—the indispensable "Saccardo's Syloge Fungorum Omnim Hucusque Cognitorum," a massive compilation which took 49 years to complete, from 1882 to 1931.

This impressive Who's Who of the world of fungi is a photographic reproduction of a work so rare that prices of over \$2,000 have recently been paid for complete sets. The reproduction, thanks to modern techniques, cost only \$200.

The whole work, following the learned tradition, is in Latin. There are no illustrations to gladden and refresh the student's eye, but as a concession two fat volumes list the journals in which personal portraits of the numerous families of Fungus, MacFungus, McFungus, OFungus and Fungus may be found by those anxious to scan their physiognomies. Everything seems to be there except the Latin telephone numbers.

The University's experts in this field will hail the advent of Saccardo with modified rapture.

## Proclamation

HEAR YE! HEAR YE! HEAR YE!

To all to whom these presents shall come, Greetings:

Whereas the undersigned have been assembled, constituted and appointed by virtue of and under the authority of the Students' Council of the University of Alberta as a committee for the furtherance of student activities,

And whereas, the male students at the aforesaid institution find themselves in a condition of financial embarrassment, and would appreciate an effort to extricate them from the depths of despair,

Now these present witness that the hours between sunrise on Friday, the 17th day of November, A.D. 1944, and sunrise on Sunday, the 19th day of November, A.D. 1944, shall, from and after the publication of this proclamation, be known and observed as Waw-waw Week-end."

Further, all and sundry the students of the University aforesaid shall abide by the orders and regulations now promulgated by the aforesaid committee, to wit:

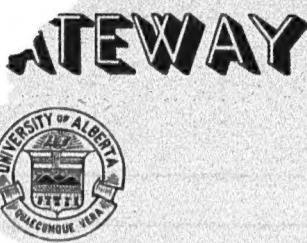
- All Daisies must act in accordance with the laws of etiquette.
- All Daisies shall take a Joe to Tuck at least once during each interval of 24 hours.
- No Joeless Daisies shall be allowed in Tuck.
- All Daisies must loosen purse strings and pay for all Joe's wants and entertainment.
- Any Daisy walking with a Joe shall carry his books and shall escort same on the outside.
- All Daisies must rise when Professor Joe enters the room.
- No Joe shall refuse an invitation unless previously spoken for.
- No names shall be given on the phone—only the greeting, "This is Daisy."
- No Daisy shall refrain from asking a Joe because she does not know him.
- Each Daisy shall call for her Joe and escort the same home.

### AND BEWARE!

Any offenders against the spirit or letter of the regulations and orders above set out shall be apprehended and subjected to diverse and sundry punishments including imprisonment in the public stocks and the attendant declaration of offences.

Signed, sealed, published and delivered this 10th day of November, A.D. 1944, by the members of the aforementioned committee.

DOUG LOVE  
(Minister of Feminine Affairs),  
JEAN HICKEY,  
JEAN KAISER,  
SHEILA McRAE,  
KAY PIERCE,  
DORIS TANNER.



## News and Views From Other U's

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Throughout the College Year  
The Students' Union of the  
University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta.

INDIAN UNIVERSITY PRESS

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### MISS U. ALBERTA'S SECLUDED SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES

Head Mistress	Helen Plasteras
Dean of Women	Isabel Dean
Dancing Mistress	Doris McCubbin
French Mistress	Lois McLean
Kiddie Garden Stories	Maryle Hollick-Kenyon
Chief Adviser to Gardener	Bessie Clark
Head Prefect	Beth Edwards
Chief Blackboard Cleaner	Josie Pritchard
Parlor Maid	Peggy Haynes
Upstairs Maid	Ernestine Gander
Nanny	Sylvia Rowan
Head Budget Keeper	Rosiebell Belzil
Chief Errand Runner	Hettie Affleck
Cook	Julie Spillios
Scullery Maid	Daisy Cormie
Roll Call of Students:	Mabelle Stewart, Biddie Archer, Bunty Allsopp, Katy Crockett, Verona Elder, Lillian Strilchuk, Mary Fairhead, Nancy Thompson, Mary Davies, Doreen Ockenden, Margaret Latter, Jean Anderson, Mary Johnson, Mary Ellen Streeter, Boyne Johnston, Irene Ross, Jane Becker, Yvette Lebel, Beth Weir, Mavis Chittick, Sylvia Callaway.

## GUEST EDITORIAL

(Taken from that little gem of English literature, a speech by Pansy Yukum on the memorable occasion of the annual Dogpatch man hunt.)

"Women of Dogpatch, this is a dang important time. This ain't no occasion for shilly-shallying around this thing. We gotta take the bull by the horns and meet the situation square. The futoor of Dogpatch depends on the action of us wimmen to-day. We gotta get up our dander, take our lives in our hands and be brave dames."

The number of bachelors around this dump is somethin' scandalous. Somethin' has gotta be done about it. These varmints have gotta be persoooded to settle down and raise little 'uns and keep up the population, or Dogpatch'll soon be nothin'. but history. This ain't no good.

Now, each woman has gotta take off her shoes so's she can run faster, get her head on some varmint and then chase him to earth. Marryin' Sam'll be around with his meetin' book to hitch you up when you got the varmint hog tied.

From then on all you gotta worry about is how to keep his feet offa the table long enough for you to set it.

It ain't as though we ain't got no good tradition behind us. For generations our gran'mammies have seived the opportunity of Sadie Hawkins Day to snare our gran'pappies. Let's not have it said that we ain't as good as gran'mammy was. The eyes of generations of Dogpatch wimmen is on us. The futoor of our innercent little chillun (to be) hangs in a balance. Let it not be said that we never done our dooty. When posterity looks upon this here hour and judges us let it be said: "This was their greatest Sadie Hawkins day."

Wal, that's about all I got to say now. The only other advice I gotta offer you is: Run like you was bein' chased by Earthquake McGoone, keep your powder dry and may the best woman win."

With this stirring appeal before us as an inspiration to lead us on, Women of the University of Alberta, we challenge you!

Go out, gal, and get that man!

## HAVE FUN, DAISY MAE!

Have your fun, Daisy! It is tough footin' the bills, and all that, we agree. To say nothing of concentrating enough courage in about two minutes to ask that man of your dreams to go out with you this week-end. Here let us offer a word of advice, though we are sure it will not be needed. Don't be shy about asking him, even if you don't know him except to see him, or from his picture in last year's Evergreen and Gold. The Waw-waw Days Committee, under the direction of the Minister of Feminine Affairs, Doug Love, has planned a lot of fun-filled affairs for all Daisies and their Joes. Naturally, they are expecting all Daisies to do their duty.

Need we remind you that after this one last fling, it will be up to the Joe's. No more bills, no more calling on and taking men home, no more nothing, except sitting back and hoping that Waw-waw Week-end pays off—and if you really do it up right, we know you won't be disappointed. Our Alberta Joes aren't dumb! They know a good thing when they see it. So you're on your way, Daisy—and you're on your own!

We have just received a new supply of Pennants,  
three sizes, 75c, 90c and \$1.00

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## Essentials of News Writing

"The qualities most desired and striven for in news writing are accuracy of statement—in small things as well as in great, in particulars as well as essentials—simplicity, directness, accuracy, and point. Never attempt fine writing; never use big words where small words are possible. Go right to the heart of the subject without flourish of trumpet. Stop when the story is told without conclusion or moral tag." C. R. Williams, Indianapolis News.

Newspaper writing is based on the principle that the reader must be given a maximum of information in a minimum of space. In order to be effective, it must be concise, clear, easily read, and attractive. Clearness and conciseness depend largely on simplicity.

In other words, the story must be told without fanciness, avoiding excess adjectives and phraseology. Paragraphs should be short, about 70 words at a maximum; and all essential facts must be given at the very outset, without introduction or apology.

The cardinal sin in news-writing is editorial comment, a general term which centers on the expression of personal opinion in a news account, but may be more broadly defined as the inclusion in a news-story of any statement which the average reader might justifiably consider controversial. This may include frank personal opinion; unwarranted adjectives such as "famous," "outstanding," "excellent," "enjoyable," etc.; statements such as "everyone interested in the subject is invited to attend," or "a good time will be had by all" (these may be avoided by defining them as quotations from the club executive—at best, an unfortunate and barely satisfactory technique); or mere haziness of style

—McGill Daily Handbook.

## WATCH THESE CLEVER STUDENTS

As promised in a recent Gateway, we will now introduce those scholarship students whom the student body has not already met.

**ROBERT A. SPENCER**—Bob hails from Mirror, Alberta. He attended Stettler High School, from which he graduated at 18 with an average of 85%. Bob tells us that he captured the Governor General's Medal in Grade 9 for the Stettler District, and is now here on a \$50.00 Honor Scholarship. He is registered in Chemical Engineering, and so is a member of the E.S.S. After he graduates, Bob hopes to own a chemical factory of his own in Alberta.

**AHM FONG**—Amy originally came from Agassiz, B.C. However, she took her senior matriculation at Victoria High School, Edmonton, and graduated with an average over 85%. Amy, too, is here on a \$50.00 Honor Scholarship. Previously, Amy won the Governor General's Scholarship in grade 8, which is B.C. high school entrance. Amy is registered in pre-Med here, and besides this, is

a member of Le Cercle Français and the Swimming Club.

**RALPH S. NIXON**—Ralph comes to us from the "Sunny South," Nanton. Ralph is 17, and graduated from Nanton High with an average of 86.7%. He won the Governor General's Medal in grade 9 for the Macleod district. He, too, is registered in Chemical Engineering, and is of course, a member of E.S.S. Ralph is another of those students who won an Honor Scholarship of \$50.00.

**HENRY HASEGAWA**—Henry has come to University from Victoria High School, from which he graduated with the average of 93.7%. While at Vic he was quite a wrestler, having been a winner in the Inter-high wrestling competition. But wrestling is not by any manner of means his only sports interest. Henry is very interested in sports in general. This may even include parlor rugby—who knows? Henry is another Honor Scholarship winner, and is now registered in Engineering.

**JOYCE V. PERKINS**—Joyce has taken her schooling in Calgary, Lacombe,

## REALISM

## Spurious

Students of the currents of ideas can hardly fail to see that there is more than a superficial similarity between the trend of thought in Germany during and after the last war and the present current of ideas in the democracies. There exists now in these countries certainly the same determination that the organization of the nation which has been achieved for purposes of defense shall be retained for the purposes of creation.

There is the same contempt for nineteenth-century liberalism, the same **spurious** "realism" and even cynicism, the same fatalistic acceptance of "inevitable trends."

And at least nine out of every ten of the lesson which our most vociferous reformers are so anxious we

should learn from this war are precisely the lessons which the Germans did learn from the last war and which have done much to produce the Nazi system.

—F. A. Hayek in "The Road to Serfdom."

## Cynics

A man building on illusions will always be disillusioned. A man of faith will never fail.

Dostoyevski, however, would decidedly oppose cynical "realists" as men, at best, of penultimate wisdom, as fifty percent realists—men without a deep knowledge of all realities, of the realities of evil and the reality of divine truth and mercy. He certainly would challenge even the adequacy of their earthly realism. The deeper depth of human life lies beyond our political, psychological, sociological and historical categories. In your critical realism you have left the train at the station before the terminal! he would say to these "realists." You have stopped exactly at the moment you should have, with the best tools of knowledge, bored into the hardest rock barring you from the bottom of human life and spirit. . . . A half-truth is bound to be more confusing and perilous than a forthright lie.

—J. L. Hromadka.

## Prophets

We survived because we wouldn't accept the future from the hands of contemporary prophecy. We were nearly lost by the people who brooded so much upon the decline of the West and the horrors of conflicts to come that they became quite incapable of taking any steps to do anything at all. We were saved by the people who lived for the day, attaching each bomber as it arrived, extinguishing each fire as it broke out, propping up each thing as it fell down, putting in emergency sanitation as need arose, receiving each stranger as he or she appeared on the doorstep, signing each new form as it descended from above,

concentrating on each energy as the

moment demanded, "doing the next thing." Because of this, the future as predicted, never became an actual present.

—Dorothy L. Sayers.

## Alone

When the day dawns, as dawn it will, the soul of France will turn with comprehension and with kindness to those Frenchmen and French-women wherever they may be, who in the darkest hour did not despair of the Republic.

In the meantime, we shall not waste our breath nor cumber our thoughts with reproaches. When you have a friend and comrade at whose side you have faced tremendous struggles, and your friend is smitten down by a stunning blow,

it may be necessary to make sure that the weapon that has fallen from his hands shall not be added to the resources of your common enemy.

But you need not bear malice because of your friend's cries of delirium and gestures of agony. You must not add to his pain; you must work for his recovery. The association of interest between Britain and France remains. The cause remains.

Duty inescapable remains. . . . All goes to show that the war will be long and hard. No one can tell where it will spread. . . . And now it has come to us to stand alone in the breach, and face the worst that the tyrant's might and enmity can do. Bearing ourselves humbly before God, but conscious that we serve an unfolding purpose we are ready to defend our native land against the invasion by which it is threatened. We are fighting by ourselves alone; but we are not fighting for ourselves alone.

—Churchill, July, 1940.  
QCV.

## Choir Doings

One evening last week found the test-tubes, beakers and even the more stable bottles of HCl in the cupboards of M158, jingle, jangle, jingling sympathetically. These inanimate objects couldn't help themselves—no more could you, had you been there. University Choir members, despite threatening term tests and such-like, were working over rhythmic chants such as the one about the sepiia customer who had such an extraordinary proclivity for the pasty made mainly with the oleo steartes, that he was quite prepared to accept incarceration with equanimity provided he continued to be supplied with more of same.

In short, it was the first evening rehearsal of the choir, and both the exacting work of the conductor, Gordon Clark, and the get-together afterwards in the Cafeteria were met with the members' approval and enthusiasm. Looking forward to their

choir production for the new year, this year's organization is geared for action. High sopranos have a distinct nodding acquaintance with high E (a coloratura-like note with very few close friends), while the second basses are inclined to feel that when it comes to singing "Boun!" on low G by the hour, that they are more like baseball players shying at cucumbers than they are like the Don Cossacks. If you see what we mean.

In any case, all who are interested are reminded that rehearsals are regularly held each Saturday at 1:15 p.m. in M158. Come and have a round taken out of you.

## RESUME

By Dorothy Parker

Razors pain you;  
Rivers are damp;  
Acids stain you;  
And drugs cause cramp.  
Guns aren't lawful;  
Nooses give;  
Gas smells awful;  
You might as well live.

## DE PROFUNDIS

By Dorothy Parker

Oh, is it then, Utopian  
To hope that I may meet a man  
Who'll not relate, in accents suave,  
The tales of girls he used to have?

## UNFORTUNATE COINCIDENCE

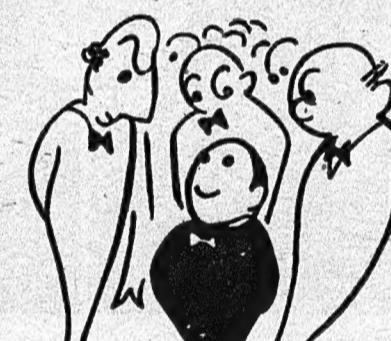
By Dorothy Parker

By the time you swear you're his  
Shivering and sighing,  
And he vows his passion is  
Infinite, undying—  
Lady, make a mate of this:  
One of you is lying!

## THE BURNED CHILD

By Dorothy Parker

Love has had his way with me.  
This my heart is torn and maimed.  
Since he took his play with me.  
Cruel well the bow-boy aimed,  
Shot and saw the feathered shaft.  
Dripping bright and bitter red.  
He that shrugged his wings and laughed—  
Better had he left me dead.  
Sweet, why do you plead me, then,  
Who have bled so sore of that?  
Could I bear it once again? . . .  
Drop a hat, dear, drop a hat!



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# Features

## Breaking the Vice Ring

Writ by Foote

Between puffs in the life of every cig sucker there burns the latent desire to renounce the fog sticks, and embark on a healthy fag-free fast. Now, the essential factor is a motive which inspires the addict to superhuman heights. The reasons opposing weed worship may include any combination of the following:

1. Twitching of extremities—referred to as psychopleuriposus.

2. Places \$120.45 of smoker's money in circulation annually; this sum being increased to \$120.78 during Leap Year.

3. Price of wartime asbestos matches—amount to \$36.52 (this estimate based on the 10-match, 1 cigarette ratio).

4. Condemned as 95% of a hangover by 95% of our 95 O.P. internets.

5. Chief cause of chunkosis—dread social handicap, characterized by hacking up of nicotine in orthorhombic globs.

6. Sewer side oesophagus (practically self-extirminating) in which the mouths of fag fiends are likened to Public Utility Pipes.

After seizing upon the motive, the martyr must adopt a method. Any of the following may be the road to salvation:

1. Gradual discontinuance with limitation of the number of cigarettes smoked daily. This method has its merits, but 18-inch roll-your-owns, twisted around the chest, prove cumbersome.

2. The Honor System whereby several friends make the pledge and meet by the hour, every hour to insure each member's fidelity. This can cause much hardship, since there are prying eyes in all places. Besides, smoke won't flush down, and you're not safe anywhere.

3. The Substitution method is another. Every time the thought of fags enters the mind a lemon drop should be thrown down the throat. If this doesn't lead to strangulation, it is guaranteed to develop a large neck. A variation of this may be tried—substitution of lemon extract. This is an agreeable system, but clerks are inclined to balk when asked for the eighth bottle (king size).

4. The last, which is known as the Forfeiture method, entails the taking of the oath by several. Each time a member is caught smoking he buys the rounds for the boys. Soon

a mutual agreement is reached, and everyone is smoking in turns. This is really the prize system. Instead of just smoking, inside of a week you'll be drinking like a fish.

These helpful hints are all tried and proven (worthless). The one advantage that might be derived is that a pledge to never quit smoking again will invariably be made after several smokeless hours.

## Trapping Tips

By One Who Got Caught

Are you known as the "Girl With the Telephone Voice"? If so, you're on the beam for Waw-waw Week. But if you heed not the many ominous warnings offered to you, you'll forget you ever saw good flying weather. We hope you have already lured some big brute without undue reference to the revised, "Elements of College Male Snaring," or the simplified edition, "Cradle Snatching for Today."

We shall merely generalize today. As you probably know, men take very unkindly to timely hints on behavior, so you will have to just make allowances for their queer habits. If he utulates unduly, take no notice. That is just his lupine streak. Some men hide it until the zero hour. The other kind are safe. Contrary to the popular fallacy, this is the time of the year to get your fellas. It is true that in the spring a young man's thoughts may turn to love, but right now is the time he will "Fall"—when he's off his guard and can't run very fast. Tripping is permissible at this stage of the game. Leap Year is nearly over.

There are many men in the world—but far more women. So it's a case of who gets there first with the mostest. Well, at least it's easy to get there first.

There are two paths open to you. Either behave like a man does when he takes a girl out—or be nice. (No, I'm not bitter.) But don't take any of this "I-have-to-go-in-now" stuff. Let him know that you are spending your hard-earned money on him. After all, he'd hand you the same line.

If you go steady, we offer our sympathy. However, maybe he accepted somebody else's invitation first.

To end this disjointed, raving work, may we tell you not to forget that, "It's near the end of 44, and all's fair in love and war."

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## Campus Personalities

### YOU SHOULD KNOW THEM

Lillian Gibson, in being President of Women's Athletics this year brings to the position an outstandingly consistent record in sports.

Life began for Lil, naturally, when she was born in 1922, right in this large city. She was definitely not the shy, retiring type, as you might suspect, but rather a boisterous little babe that, with her gang of pigtailed cronies, kept the Highlands in an uproar for several years. In public school, where she was eventually corralled, the main attraction was sports; the classroom only a necessary evil. We gather she was strictly a good-time gal at this period.

In high school this interest extended further to basketball, badminton and skating. As she is a



native of those eastern hills in the highlands, her favorite sport of course is skiing. Lillian is also a musician, as she plays the piano, and sang in several different glee clubs.

In high school she worked on the Eastwood Gazette, and was a prominent member of the Christian Fellowship group.

When she came to Varsity, she took nursing, but in her second year, in the hospital, she concluded that this was not the career for her so switched to a combined course in Science and Education.

Her pre-nursing year was not wasted, though; she won several points in the swimming gala, and got in on the ground floor of Inter-faculty basketball and volleyball. Her association with the Intervarsity Christian Fellowship was carried through her four Varsity years as an active member of their executive.

In her year in the hospital her outside activities were practically non-existent—a malady which is com-

mon to many nurses, as any of them can testify. However, they were all resumed after she switched her course; and she played in the tennis tournament as well.

Lillian is apparently a sucker for punishment, or else a very hard worker, for she attended summer school and won a cup—women's open swimming championship. She also sang in the choir during that time. This department concludes that she must have a couple of stand-ins in order to do all this!

Last year she managed volleyball and women's golf; was also on the W.A.A. executive and carried on in tennis, basketball and swimming. All these activities culminated in an athletic award which she received at last spring's color night. Also she was on the executive of the Education Club, which was as lively an outfit last year as it is this term.

Alberta College has claimed Lil's services this year as a teacher. She manages to take three Varsity courses in addition to supervising the mischievous little characters confined in the college.

Every fall Lillian has been active in track events; this, she says, is the fulfillment of her youthful years spent in leaping hedges, climbing trees and other strenuous pastimes.

She is editing the women's sports section in the Evergreen and Gold

oil company, however, he surveyed

in the engineering department. Next summer he beat a pick on the walls of a mine at Kimberley, seeing the industry from a worm's eye view.

Last year he shipped for Petawawa, where he took army officer training.

The subject of space time activities provoked hearty laughter in The Gateway office. The stooges present at the time informed us that Bob's was summed up in three words, "wine, women and song," and not the operatic aria they sarcastically added. Our subject emerged from a desk drawer and maintained that if he had any it would be spent snoozing in Florida sun.

The only angle we could set was that Bob is renowned for his repertoire of diverting ballads sung in questionable tenor, at stag parties only. His informers also told that a favorite diversion with Bob is bridge at the Theta house, "Only place I ever saw them trump their partner's ace."

Bob lived in the past years in residence and at St. Steve's, where the principal attraction seemed to be the nocturnal water bottles. As to his vices, our victim alleges that he's never been in a bar in this town, and what's more, has sworn off the evil weed for the last six months, but hopes to accept a cigarette and celebrate pretty soon. He has been known to sleep outside regularly in thirty below weather (must be the woman's influence).

Next year will see B. R. Buckley active with the R.C.E., carrying far and wide the spirit of the engineer.

Lillian has travelled considerably in Canada and the States. In 1933 she visited the World's Fair in New York, which, she informs us, was quite a bright spot in her hitherto dull (?) life. This last summer she spent on Lake Muskoka in Ontario as a counsellor at the L.C.V.F. camp there. Following that, she visited New York, Philadelphia, Atlantic City, and Montreal, and spent highly interesting visits at many universities, including U. of Columbia, New York, Pennsylvania, McGill, Toronto—she met countless Varsity students and had an entirely enjoyable trip.

An aspirant for Lilian's hand should be a witty fellow (a gay blade?), and an all-round good sport—a man who can be gay and have fun. His looks don't matter, as long as he's not absolutely repulsive, so long as he's the right type.

People, Lil hates; the bookworm who can't or won't do any extra-curricular work, in short, "scabbers" in general—any who (a) takes their phone off the hook all evening, (b) talks two and a half hours to their friends so that Lil can't reach them in a hurry. On the other hand, those considerate souls who don't ask, "And what do you teach now, dear?" are very well received.

Although Lillian is overtown a great deal, we hope you know her a little better from this brief sketch;

and realize all the experience and ability she brings to this campus as President of Women's Athletics.

the ranks of the E.S.S. and the Badminton Club.

His second year saw him snoozing through Poly Ec., "and eventually getting the course." He mastered the Engineers to the Interfac rugby championship; also donned a second lieut's pip in the C.O.T.C. This was his second year spent accompanying Ralph Jamison in the Philharmonic, supplying hot air for the bass horn. The E.S.S. admitted him to their executive as Sophomore rep.

Last year's Freshman Introduction Week was directed by Bob Buckley, who started the recent trend towards making the proceedings bigger and

better than ever before. He managed the Engineers' rugby and hockeys strings, as well as carrying the hog-hide down the grid for the Junior Golden Bears. He represented athletics on the E.S.S., and won a six-inch athletic "A" at color night last spring.

This term finds him at the top of the ladder as President of the M.A.B., as a lieutenant on leave from the R.C.E., and still beating the tar out of all rugby players except Engineers.

Bob alleges that he and his fellow miners were the quiet boys at the recent Gateway House Dance. Do we hear shouts of derision from the rear of the hall?

Bob's summer holidays were of the typical Engineers' variety—instead of clearing out towers for a Calgary

### MICES

I wonder if  
mices  
have any  
vices—  
Do YOU think  
they drink  
and shoot  
dice?

Do they overindulge  
in their favorite  
cheese—  
do they carry a hanky  
to throttle a sneeze—  
do they cheat at  
gin rummy,  
play poker  
for money,  
and forget to say  
thank you and  
please?

I wonder if  
mice  
have got any  
vices  
like these.

MIA CULPA.

### HAPPINESS . . . OR IS IT?

Unbounding joy  
that fills the  
heart . . .  
Bursts . . .  
the margins of  
all decorum . . .  
Ripples of  
widening  
peace and  
contentment . . .  
Love . . .  
joy . . . what . . .  
What rot!

O. J. R.

### SORRY, FOLKS!

THE DEACON ELUDED US  
AGAIN THIS WEEK, BUT  
WE'LL CATCH HIM YET!

You Win The  
Trophy, Sophie

This loving cup conveys  
our praise, for finding  
us a treasure.  
Its stronger point prevents  
delays, its smoothness  
gives us pleasure.  
Mirado guarantees to  
please, and all its  
claims we've tested.  
It does the work with  
greater ease, and  
sends us home more rested.  
5c. each—less in quantities  
Certified with a money-back  
guarantee.

EAGLE  
"CHEMI-SEALED" (Super Bonded)  
**MIRADO**  
PENCILS  
ARE GUARANTEED  
STRONGER, SMOOTHER,  
LONGER WEARING  
OR YOUR MONEY BACK

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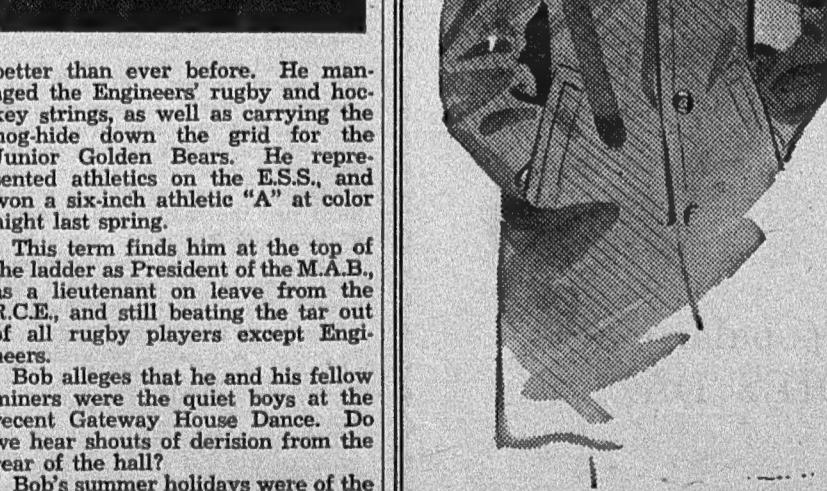
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Be prepared for colder days with one of these warm serviceable overcoats. You will like their smart tailoring, the high quality of the cloth, and the nice warm linings.

Choose from blue-grays, greens and browns. Sizes 32 to 37.

Other overcoats at \$25.00 and at \$29.00

Men's Dept.—Street Floor at The Bay



*The . . . Padded . . . Cell . . .*

By THE SPHINX

All mental institutions are crowded with people who have broken down under the strain of university—this one is no exception. The Sphinx, however, is distinctive in many ways. His latest distinction is that he has broken down under the strain of a mental institution, and is being forced to return to a university.

"Now that the Deacon is coming back,

Exit the Sphinx by the shortest track.

Hurrah for this, your final issue—

I'm awfully sure that we'll never miss it."

So this is Co-ed week, followed by Waw-waw Week-end! My, but the culture of the times exerts a wide influence in the universities! Al Capp, the patron saint of art, will be honored by your Sadie Hawkins festivities.

"Some chickens say it's in the spring

That Romance has its wildest fling,

But there's another colder season

When pretty heads divorce their Reason.

In November pulses quicken,

There's spring in every chicken,

Bachelor maidens leave their shelf—

Oh, happy Day, November twelfth!

Co-ed week itself might be said to bring up some exceedingly moot questions.

"EDUCATION FOR THE MISSES

(With apologies to the master of social verse, Ogden Nash, who will probably be too offended to accept them.)

There is something going on in our universities of which I don't entirely approve, and that is co-education, And I think it must go back to some feminine agitator like Amelia Bloomer or Carrie Nation.

Co-education is where men and women both go to the same college.

And the men study engineering or agriculture while the women bake muffins and they both call it the pursuit of higher knowledge.

But that seems silly because learning to bake muffins or pitch hay shouldn't take three Chemistry courses or four years,

Although some excuse may be found for those who must learn to quaff forty beers.

So I think there are several questions worthy of deep consideration.

On the whys and whereabouts of co-education.

One question which puzzles many fathers and which That is why do so many girls say their object in we will call the question patrimonial,

attending university is cultural when they mean that cultivating friendships that they hope will become matrimonial?

So it looks like education of daughters is a term both modern and flowery,

Which amounts to the same thing, or at least as much

as, the old fashioned dowry. Other girls, as soon as they have become bachelors of anything, why their dreams by nightmares are harried,

So they, too, rush out and get married.

A few colleges in America has recognized that university for most girls is purely and simply pre-marital preparation.

And have offered curricula such as Osculation 51, Petting 105 and Man-Trapping 477, which enable women to get what they want without needless perambulation.

Which I think is a sensible attitude.

And if there are any instructorships open, I will accept one or two with gratitude.

There are other girls, too, who say they come for the higher things in life when they actually mean high living,

For they promptly join sororities, go to the Med Ball and generally take what life has for the giving. But what of those more serious girls who settle down to four years of cramming chemistry, physics and math?

Well, they tell me they are career women, and I looked it up and means to follow a crazy path, Which is certainly right because they graduate from university right into the best of business, gossip and sewing circles, and in spite of all man's preventatives

Before you know it they're trying to be another Claire Booth Luce in the House of Representatives, And as sure as a career woman graduates with honors in Modern Languages

She ends up with a Hi Neighbors radio program giving recipes for cheese pimento sanguines.

The only defence I have had for co-education is that it provides a stimulating influence for the males, Which is a question I had better go into elsewhere with its multitude of details.

But if that is its only defence, then its prospects are pretty bleak,

'Cause every time some of that co-educational stimulation hits me my studies are postponed for another week.

And so to sum up the situation with both brevity and tersity:

By all means co-education, but let's not worry the women with courses, while at the university."

Well, that's about all, folks—the little men in the white jackets are here again, and

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day  
And Tuck is bare of all but two or three;  
The Aggies homeward plod their weary way  
And leave the world to Calculus, and me."

Exult Omnes.

anything but coffee yourself. Mention, in a casual, unconcerned manner, that you never eat between meals. She'll remember that for future reference. A few thoughtful little acts of this nature will convince her that you are a good type to date.

Your next step is to be sure she knows where to contact you. Work it unobtrusively into the conversation—perhaps somewhat in this manner:

"How is the food at your house? Now, where I live—10936 88th Ave.—and knock on the side door," and so on. You can also put your address and phone number in large letters on the covers of notebooks. Then make sure she sees it. Some men, a little on the impulsive side, have been known to paint their numbers in large letters on the backs of their suits and overcoats. In fact, I met one chap who put it on his trousers and was constantly bending over to tie his shoe lace. The more conservative element is inclined to frown on this method, however. But the fact remains that if there isn't any phone book yet, numbers will be hard to get. If yours is easily available, you may have a decided edge over the opposition.

One boy I know acted like ignorant, and phoned the gal a few days ahead of time, after she hadn't leaped at the chance to phone him. He dated her for the house dance Saturday night; and everyone was happy. So when the day came he beat on her door, and they were going over to Con Hall he remarked, "Oh, by the way, I just found out that you pay tonight. I hope you are fairly well fixed?"

But, then, they hadn't been anything but good friends anyway, so it really didn't matter.

You know, there's only one solution to this problem. If you want to be sure that a doll will date you for the doings this week-end—then start taking her out and being sweet and attentive soon enough that it won't look as if you're fishing for a day-say about six weeks ago.

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# Co-ed Parade

## FASCINATING WOMEN

By Jean Anderson

The name of Kathleen Norris is no doubt familiar to you who are followers of current fiction. She is one of America's most popular writers of modern fiction.

Kathleen, whose maiden name was Thompson, lived the greater part of her idyllic childhood in California. Then came the lean and lively years when the six Thompson youngsters were left fatherless and motherless within the space of a single month. When they moved to a San Francisco flat, Kathleen, the eldest daughter, went forth to various jobs as bookkeeper, saleswoman, companion, school teacher and librarian. She was substituting as the society editor of a San Francisco newspaper when she first encountered Charles Norris. The acquaintance began when she telephoned him to confirm the rumor of his engagement to someone else. It was she herself who finally ended that rumor. After getting married in 1909, the Norrises went to New York and optimistically set up housekeeping on Charles' salary of five dollars a week. Then Mrs. Norris took up writing again.

Today she is the darling of the editors. Experts have reported that the name of Kathleen Norris on the cover of a magazine sends up its circulation by a hundred thousand copies. Hence, Kathleen's annual salary is higher than any other woman writer's of today.

Kathleen had a portrait of herself painted while she was in France, as a present for her husband. Upon arriving in New York, Kathleen found that her husband was on the wire, calling up to ask what she had brought him. Her answer was truthful, though misleading: "An old map I got in Paris," she said. A painful pause testified to his lack of enthusiasm. "A valuable antique?" he asked hopefully. "Well," she parried, "I'm not having to pay any duty on it, so I guess the customs men

think it looks more than a hundred years old."

Kathleen is an expert at croquet. As a matter of fact, it is said that she could easily beat any other woman in the country. She exasperates everyone by making each shot in a very lackadaisical manner, but always succeeds in hitting the ball or wicket she desires.

Although Kathleen's stories are usually without humor, she herself has a huge sense of humor. One instance of this occurred one day as Frank Sullivan, who was taking his constitutional, spied Kathleen gazing into a store window on the other side of the street. It occurred to him that it might be fun to steal up behind her and pinch her, in good clean fun. It would, he thought, be a good joke on her. As he discovered later, he made a grave mistake.

Perhaps she had caught a glimpse of his reflection in the window and had time to improvise a reply.

Anyway, he had hardly touched her when she turned on him, and in a ringing voice that could be heard above all the noise of the crowd, she cried: "Not one penny. Not one penny more. No, you and your family have had all the money you'll ever get out of me!"

The crowd gathered as she continued, "It's useless for you to call me stingy. Only last week I gave you a hundred dollars to buy medicine for your poor sick wife. (Mr. Sullivan had no wife.) Did she get a penny of it? No! No, no she didn't spend it on drink, my lad. You guzzled it, Frank Sullivan, and they found you in the gutter."

The crowd was now multiplying rapidly, and its members were all eyeing Frank with disapproval. The latter could think of nothing to say.

Meanwhile, Kathleen, who should have been an actress, continued to denounce him while tears coursed down her cheeks.

"I've given you everything I had," she cried, "and still you hound me!"

But Sullivan heard no more. Defeated and highly embarrassed, he turned back and fled to put the greatest distance between himself and that terrible woman. Greatly satisfied, Mrs. Norris powdered her nose and went on with her shopping.

And there you have the character of the woman behind the sentimental and romantic stories by Kathleen Norris.

### IT ALL COMES OUT IN THE WASH

An article submitted by a nurse on probie hair troubles prompted us to talk about hair this issue. How do you like the picture of the spandy new hair style we dug up for you?

Sable cut hair is short, lies close to the head, and is kept in line without special, frequent attention, according to its originator, Antoine. The back-sweeps in ruffle effect. It's definitely new, and charming too, don't you think?

Nothing in your appearance matters as much as your hair. You may have perfect features, be as slim as a sapling, but if your locks are drab and stringy you'll have three strikes against you in feminine charm. On the other hand, tresses that are alive-looking and lustrous act as a shining halo for your face. It isn't the color that counts; you may be a golden girl, a red-head, a chestnut brown or a gypsy brunet—and it's heads-you-win if you know the secret of treasuring your tresses.

Let's think in terms of a flower garden. If you're a good gardener, you know that no matter how much effort you put into the parts that show, plants won't blossom unless the roots are healthy and well-nourished. And that's how hair reacts. External beauty aids, such as cutting and styling, can accomplish just so much, plus a balanced vitamin-rich diet. Then you'll cultivate the sort of topknot that makes yours lovely to look at, always.

On the average, hair should be shampooed once a week. This varies, however, with dry and oily hair. Just remember to keep it clean, soft, and shining. There are a great many kinds of shampoos on the market, and you probably have your favorite kind. Some girls prefer melted castile soap, or pine tar soap. The latter works well with dark heads. Whatever shampoo you use, be sure to get it all out in the rinsing. You may use the most expensive shampoo there is, and still not get good results, if your rinsing

doodlers to their own dress designing. And during 1942, columns of boys' and girls' names decorated the linens so that laundry workers were not at all surprised when year-end figures revealed the birth rate had broken all records.

### WHO'S WEARING WHAT

As Seen by the Campus Eye

It seems as though the Varsity outfits get cuter every year, n'est-ce pas? Now that old man winter has caught up to us once more, everyone is digging out overcoats, mittens and other essential accessories.

Winter coats this year are mostly the boxy or chesterfield type. We noticed one girl sporting a tailored coat with military belted back, which was very smart. Then there are the privileged few who trot out their fur coats upon winter's arrival.

No, you weren't seeing double if you ran across those identical outfit consisting of red sweaters and MacKay plaid skirts worn by Pauline Arnett and Lois Neilsen. They swear it's only coincidence, but we have our doubts. Anyway, they make a tricky twosome. Cotton mesh stockings are a gal's best bet against runs this winter, when it's too cold for those precious rayons. Those pretty headbands of ribbon matching your outfit give just the right touch, whether you be on a heavy date or just strolling around.

Saw a smart suggestion for "double-daters" in a fashion magazine the other day. A fitted velvet jacket with round neckline was worn atop a taffeta skirt. A matching taffeta bow at the neckline completed the outfit. For formal dates, the short taffeta skirt was switched for a long skirt of the same material, and presto! there was one of the smartest formals you ever saw.

Don't forget to don the glad rags, girls, and look your "purtiest" for the big doin's Waw-waw Week-end. See you then.

### THE NEW RUFFLED HAIR-DO



### Your Shining Halo

### WAW WAW CHARM QUIZ . . .

He's your inner surge on whom you've had a patent pending for positively ages, and then one dismal day you're strictly amazed to find him lamping the other gals with an eye to the future. Now, this little situation is enough to set the old self-confidence shattering like crushed eggshells, and something must be added to the fire. Take a glimmer at yourself from a long far off, and maybe you'll find out why he treats you like a side dish he hadn't ordered.

Do you look as if you have been overdrawn at the blood-bank? Or have you changed from a constant nymph to a fatted calf, and the fellas ask him if you wrestle on Saturday nights?

Are a slap and dab face fixer, so that That Smooth Finished Look just isn't there?

Then maybe you're the golden lily type, afraid to muss your hair or break a finger-nail, so you simply abhor hikes, swimming and stuff to protect that synthetic school-girl complexion from the ravages of nature.

Looking at things from a different angle, have you been taking him for granted? Never really listening when he talks to you. Never bothering to be your most beguiling self just for him, and always spending your time with him, nagging and quarreling?

Do you talk in high gear and think in low? Do you ever give anyone else a chance to air their own equally witty repertoire? If you aren't guilty of this, maybe you're the other horror, the dullard. You act as if it is a struggle to keep up with the youth movement—you're bored and you show it—you're about as lively and interesting as a wilted lettuce leaf, and there will be about the same demand for your company.

Of course, there are little deals such as being too possessive, or jealous, or intense. Take life, love and low moments easily. Keep things light and laughing—but don't ever laugh at him.

Remember that personality and enthusiasm pack a potent punch, and don't consider it wasted on him. Also remember that his attachment to you is as perishable as a spider web, and once he escapes, you'll have a hard time luring him back.

### Probie Plights

The nurses, having carefully studied the Headquarters Bulletin of the Nov. 2 issue of The Gateway, were drawn by the phrase "irrespective of age, personal attributes, sex appeal, monetary endowments, or mechanical services." At last people are beginning to awaken to the fact that there are nurses on the campus! To show our gratitude, we have decided to appear frequently during the epic week, and also to share our interpretation of the said rules with all and sundry. For reference, please read the Bulletin in the Nov. 2 Gateway.

The first rule should present no difficulty, since the telephones at St. Stephen's are such that any names and voices entrusted to them come out horribly mangled. Not only will the nurse's identity be a safe and unfathomable secret, but she will probably make connections with her intended's roommate.

This rule would truly be a problem for anyone lacking the nurses' resourcefulness. If she's a probie, she hasn't even got sixpence.

If she has attained the dignity of a cap and, incidentally, the monthly allowance that accompanies it, chances are that the sum in question has been claimed by last month's creditors, who are merciless, since they, too, would be Waw-waws. But never fear, prospective gallant!

Where there's a wil there's a way, and your Waw-waw will never subject you to any pecuniary obligations. While there is no person alive who would be sucker enough to buy her textbooks, if the worst

comes to the worst, she will pawn her grandfather's watch (with the second hand).

3. What more appropriate place could one desire in which to produce the "tumultuous pounding in the manly breast" than the south doorstep of St. Steve's? The broad, cold cement steps (each one a different height) frequented by scurrying footsteps; the romantic, unshaded light which illuminates the surrounding territory with its bright, unflattering rays; the glaring brick wall which leads the eye to a pouch full of laundry bundles, all add to the necessary atmosphere. As for the "cries of joy which outcry those of other guys"—they are produced when the door-handle is found to have disappeared.

Since Waw-waw Week-end draws on space, and our time for social pursuit is limited, we would be much obliged if any interested Joes (small head sizes preferred) would furnish the residence with their phone numbers. Just leave the rest to Waw-waw!

### Fashion DRESS SHOPPE

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### Varsity Beauty Parlor

## Woodward's

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ON THE SECOND FLOOR

### Theatre Directory

DREAMLAND—Thurs., Fri., Sat., "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," also "Falcon Out West." Mon., Tues., Wed., "Madame Curie," also "Murder at the Water Front."

EMPRESS—Fri., Sat., Mon., "Cry of the Were-Wolf," also "Soul of a Monster." Tues., Wed., Thurs., "The Eve of St. Mark," also "Meet Miss Bobby Socks."

GARNEAU—Fri., Sat., "Step Lively," with Frank Sinatra, also "Escape to Danger." Mon.-Sat., "Going My Way," with Bing Crosby.

PRINCESS—Thurs., Fri., Sat., "Government Girl," with Olivia de Havilland, Sunny Tufts; also "Tumbling Tumbleweeds," with Gene Autry. Mon., Tues., Wed., "Shine On, Harvest Moon," with Ann Sheridan, Dennis Morgan; also "Margin for Error," with Joan Bennett, Milton Berle.

RIALTO—Sat.-Fri., "Mary Manahan."

VARSCONA—Thurs., Fri., "Du Barry Was a Lady." Sat., Mon., Tues., "Dixie." Wed., Thurs., Fri., "Stage Door Canteen," also "Frisco Lil."

## the experts say

### Beauty Marches On

"One of the few improvements in the human race during the last four hundred years has been in the beauty of its women."

That's the opinion of Kenneth Forbes, R.C.A., the distinguished Canadian artist who has put many beautiful women, including his own lovely wife and daughter, on canvas.

Mr. Forbes has some definite ideas about what makes for beauty in the female of the species.

First, he believes that no one type of woman is more beautiful than another, but it's the one in each type which fits all the classic qualifications. She may be beautiful in an aquiline way, or in a Grecian manner, or she may have the perfect retrousse face, and so on. The structure of the head is of greatest importance. Cheekbones should be rather full and eyes wide apart, but not too wide or you'll get a vacant look. A rather short upper lip usually makes for beauty, and the mouth should be curved and full rather than narrow. Eyes needn't be extra large, but long lashes do enhance them. Eyes set slightly up at the outer sides, like those of Marlene Dietrich, are usually beautiful. And if a woman has very lovely eyes, she shouldn't distract the onlooker's attention by too much lip stick.

Every woman may not have been created beautiful, Mr. Forbes admits, but she can study herself as an artist would study a subject he is to paint, and bring out her own best features. He can't understand, for example, why so many thousands of women affect the same style of coiffure.

On one point he is adamant. A woman needs a perfect complexion if she is to be really beautiful. And he thinks make-up shouldn't be applied so extensively as to blot out the warm and cold skin tints that give such interest to a woman's face.

"Color contrast is one thing that makes for beauty," he says. "That is why blue eyes in a sun-tanned face are so striking. A woman's skin has lovely blues and greys under the flesh tones, and to an artist these are among her most interesting facial features."

He believes that necks are important; they are more beautiful if they are long; but the long neck must be held like a pillar, graciously. Mr. Forbes stated that this wasn't to be considered as the

selected "ultimate" in beautiful women, but merely as an example of his work.

But there's another vitally important factor. It is, says Mr. Forbes, what an artist once described as "the spiritualization of external appearance." The spirit shining through the face—that personality, which, as in the case of Greer Garson, gives the impression of beauty by its very strength and power. That, he believes, can be the possession of any woman at any age.

### The Camera Eye

A busy professional photographer who picks models, studies profiles, arranges tricky lighting to bring out a girl's best features has more opportunities than most to find an answer to the question, "What makes a woman beautiful?" So we sought out Everett Roseborough, through whose studio pass many of Canada's most glamorous fashion models.

Smooth grooming, poise and self-assurance are important factors, he says. "Lots of girls who aren't beautiful by ordinary standards make successful models because they're poised and graceful. They know instinctively where to place their weight so that the body is perfectly balanced. Hands and arms just naturally fall into good lines as they pose before the camera."

A model must have reasonable measurements; she can't be too short or too tall. The tall girls, Everett points out, are being left behind for the time being, along with the sweeping dresses which they used to wear so effectively. Nowadays, with short dresses and suits, it's the medium-sized girl—size 14 type—who is in demand for modelling.

An oval face with high cheekbones and a straight nose is best for photography as a general rule, although there are times when an unusual type of face, with perhaps a long nose, full lips and slick hairdo can be used for a striking study.

Too much can't be said for good posture. Everett mourns the fact that so many Canadian girls slump and slouch. In certain European countries (as we remember it from before the war) it was always interesting to note how girls seemed to acquire poise and grace as soon as they graduated from pigtails to permanents.

Smooth hair-dos are essential from the photographer's standpoint, as the back light picks up and emphasizes any ends or wisps. You'll never find a busy hair-do on a smart model.

And here's a little tip if you hanker for a modelling career: Many of the most successful girls in the business owe their achievement to some dramatic training, which helps in the development of poise, and self-confidence.

On the subject of clothes, Everett cautions against short girls wearing dresses which make a sharp division at the waistline. Their clothes should run to vertical lines, as far as possible. Tall girls, on the other hand, can wear suits and two-piece outfits. If you're the long-faced type, don't accentuate it by V necks; con-



Photo by courtesy of The Ubyssey

There were gala Homecoming ceremonies at the University of British Columbia on October 28th, featuring almost everything from the McKechnie Cup English Rugby Game to a Can-Can Chorus. The chorus was trained initially for the Red Cross Ball held last February. Through the efforts of these girls, considerable money was raised for the Red Cross.

Featured on the program of the day was a Big Block luncheon at noon. After the Musical Show there was a dance in Brock Hall. The Homecoming Show is an annual welcome to the U.B.C. graduates.

versely, if your face is short and broad, you'd best avoid square or round necklines.

But Everett agrees with us on the final round: that, like all formulas which deal with the human element, rules for a beautiful woman can go overboard, and she can be just plain beautiful for no apparent rhyme or reason—especially to some one man.

Sweet and Feminine  
If you saw the Army Show during

its cross-country tour you'll still be remembering the beautiful Dream Number, in which the dancing CWAC's moved rhythmically with their enormous feather fans—pure white clusters of feminine loveliness against a black velvet drop.

The overwhelming popularity of this number with the Service audiences surprised even that veteran maestro, Jack Arthur, who produced the Army Show. But it proved once again a point he has always maintained: that Canadian men "like women sweet and feminine."

Mr. Arthur thinks that good looks in a woman are fundamentally a "matter of good timing." The woman who knows when to smile, when to be enthusiastic, when to be feminine—in other words, the woman who knows how to please her audience, whether it's one person or a thousand, is an attractive woman.

A girl needn't worry too much any more about being short or tall, dark or fair, oval-faced or otherwise.

"Personality is half the battle," he thinks, "and beauticians have their art down to such a science that they can pretty well take care of the rest."

Enthusiasm and sincerity are two of the most important factors in making a woman attractive, in his opinion—and that goes for off the stage and on. Acting experience especially develops a woman's charm, giving her poise and confidence, and training her in the big business of making her personality register.

Two things Jack Arthur warns against: overweight and too obvious self-sufficiency.

"It's grand to see women getting out and helping turn the wheels these days," he comments, "but very few men like the girl who can get along very well by herself, thank you... And there's no surer saboteur of good looks than excessive weight. All the lovely feminine characteristics are blurred in a fat woman; she can't wear clothes properly, and she just can't measure up to any definition of beauty."

Mr. Arthur himself supervised the diet of the girls who were chosen and drilled for the Army Show. He proved to his own satisfaction and theirs that a woman's weight could be kept down to the right figure on menus that provide all the necessary food elements.

### THE CHOICE

By Dorothy Parker

He'd have given me rolling lands, Houses of marble, and billowing farms.

Pearls to trickle between my hands, Smoldering rubies, to circle my arms. You—you'd only a lilting song,

Only a melody, happy and high, You were sudden and swift and strong—

Never a thought for another had I.

He'd have given me laces rare, Dresses that glimmered with frosty sheen,

Shining ribbons to wrap my hair, Horses to draw me, as fine as a queen.

You—you'd only to whistle low,

Gaily I followed wherever you led.

I took you, and I let him go—

Somebody ought to examine my head!

## WE SHALL HOLD OUR GAINS

In the September issue of "Independent Woman," the official publication of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, Helen Havener reports an interview with Miss Caroline Haslett, president of the British Federation of Business and Professional Women and one of the vice-presidents of the International Federation. Miss Haslett spoke of the International Federation conference held in Stockholm in 1937, when the organization pledged itself to abolition of the fallacy that women have less to contribute to business and professional life than men because of any inherent physical weaknesses or any lesser mental equipment. The war has debunked that and other fallacies about women, said Miss Haslett. Before the war women had, for the most part, been denied admission to executive positions in business and to policy-making posts in government. When war came in Britain at least, it became highly important to recruit women for just the kind of work for which they had been deemed so unsuited in pre-war days, work that was dirty and dangerous, work that involved late hours and sacrifice of sleep, work for which not only executive women, but all women were needed. Ninety-one per cent of all the single women

in England, between the ages of eighteen and forty, are employed full time on paid war work.

After speaking of the achievements of the organized women of Great Britain and the accomplishments of individual women, Miss Haslett stated: "I presume that my own attitude as to the role we shall play in the postwar world is much the same as that of women of the United States. I believe, as you do, that women should share, not as observers but as technical experts, in such international conferences as are being currently called UNRRA, the International Labor Office, the Monetary Conference, education conferences, food conferences, and all conferences dealing with rehabilitation problems."

"What I am most eager for is that all trained business and professional women shall appreciate their responsibility not only for rebuilding their own shattered countries, but for exercising their full prerogatives of citizenship to insure that, in the future, food, shelter, education, and social security shall be available to all the peoples of the earth. This cannot be achieved without some sacrifices on our part, but I believe business and professional women understand this and are prepared to make the sacrifice."

## THE CRITIC SPEAKS

Last week many of us went to see the first production of the season by the Edmonton Civic Opera Company, "The New Moon." How strongly it made us wish our own Philharmonic existed! Wouldn't it be nice to be singing and treading the boards again? Or sitting out front applauding the honest efforts of our fellow students? However, that's just another wartime casualty, that those of us going through these days must forego.

But back to "The New Moon." On the whole, it was a very enjoyable production. Mrs. Carmichael is to be very much commended for keeping a civic enterprise like the operas going in these times. They provide relaxing entertainment as well as a chance for new singers to show their talents.

Shirley Neher as Marianne turned in a sterling performance—her first in the leading role. She has a very clear and lovely, but powerful voice. Her acting was very flexible and easy.

It was a treat to hear Mr. David Oldham in the role of Robert. He has a very good voice, and his experience lent a polish to the production. He and Miss Neher were a very fine combination. We would like to see more like them.

Now we come to the supporting characters of Shirley MacDonald as the doll-like maid, Julie; Eleanor Bowerman as Clotilde Lombart, a shrewish wife, and Julie's rival; and George Cook as Alexander, the man fought over by Julie and Clotilde. These three provided most of the comedy, and it was very well done. The hair-pulling, scratching scene between Julie and Clotilde was, in our opinion, the best in the production. The acting of Alexander, Julie and Clotilde was very good, but the singing was weak. The girls have sweet voices, but certainly not powerful enough for opera.

John Markle as the villainous Vicomte Ribaudo gave us another very good performance. His hard part to portray, and it was done exceedingly well.

Captain Duval, Marianne's fiancee, was capably handled by Wreford Johnston. Although we didn't want him to win Marianne's hand, we sympathized with him completely. His song-composing scene with Marianne was one of the highlights of the show.

Our old standby, Joseph Nadeau, played Philippe, a friend of Robert. We still think Mr. Nadeau is a little too wooden, both in singing and acting—perhaps too much audience-conscious.

One of the rugby players was sick just before an important game. The doctor told the coach to take his temperature, and the coach placed a barometer on the man's chest and it said "very dry," so he bought him a pint of beer and the player went out and made two touchdowns. (Maybe that's how we won.)

The only thing we wish about the operas is that there could be stronger singers in the supporting roles. There are many good singers in Edmonton, whom we haven't seen in any operas. Surely there could be some arrangement made to have them perform for us.

We will be looking forward to the next Civic Opera production.

One of the rugby players was sick just before an important game. The doctor told the coach to take his temperature, and the coach placed a barometer on the man's chest and it said "very dry," so he bought him a pint of beer and the player went out and made two touchdowns. (Maybe that's how we won.)

A football player was asked what he had done with his expense money. He replied: "Part went for liquor, part for women, and the rest I spent foolishly."

He (watching the football practice): "That fellow will be our best man before the season is over."

Co-ed (rapturously): "Oh, Buddy, this is so sudden!"

Referee: "Foul."

Spectator: "Where are the feathers?"

Referee: "Ain't any; this is a picked team."

### CLUB CORNER

Debating and Public Speaking: Meets Thursday, Nov. 23, at 8:00 p.m. See sign for room number. Anyone eligible.

## ANNOUNCEMENT!

### FROM NOW ON

### The University Cafeteria

will remain open in the evenings

MONDAY-SATURDAY

7:30 a.m. - - 10:30 p.m.

Sunday and Holidays—Hours as usual

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- Jackets in over-hip length with fly-front zipper fastening . . . snug-fitting Peter Pan collar and elastic shirring in waist. Collar, cuffs and pockets trimmed with contrasting piping.
- Slacks are smartly tailored in downhill style. Zipper side-fastening.
- Shirts are: red with navy slacks, gold with navy slacks, navy green and brown have matching slacks. Sizes 14 to 20. Priced at **19.75**

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**Johnstone Walker Limited**

ESTD. 1886

## Just a Thought

By J. E. Gander

Every column in any paper coming out in the midst of Wav-waw activities must be devoted to those who are footing the bills. Although my phone number was posted underneath pictures of Clark Gable, Robert Taylor and Frank Sinatra, all over the University buildings, I did not get a bid to Wav-waw, and so I turned to books for my knowledge of co-eds. Meanwhile, I enjoyed the company of those co-eds around me from a purely aesthetic viewpoint. "Co-ed," according to the dictionary in the Arts Library, is college slang, U.S. (I think it's the word, not the co-ed that is referred to here.) It means "a young woman being educated at the same institution with young men." (Nothing is said about the education of the young men at the institution.) "Co-ed" is, of course, an abbreviation for co-education."

Bryce is quoted by the same dictionary under "co-education": "Co-education answers perfectly in institutions like Antioch and Oberlin in Ohio, where manners are plain and simple, where the students all come from a class in which the intercourse of young men and women is easy and natural."

Much discussion might arise from Bryce's statement, but rather than comment on his conception, it might be well to consider co-education in Alberta.

The majority of Albertans receive whatever education they do get in co-educational schools. Not only does Bryce's "plain and simple" apply to most of us, in the sense that he meant it, but also for financial reasons co-education is practical in Alberta. The same argument holds at the college level. The provincial taxpayer has sound reasons for favoring co-education.

There are some misguided people who, possibly because they cannot trust themselves in the company of opposite sex, can see nothing but evil and immorality in allowing

## Blood Donor Clinic News

This year we are only one of the many universities and colleges across Canada that are donating their blood to the clinic. When you begin to think of the tragedies that are happening every day in Europe it certainly doesn't seem too hard to offer it, especially since we know that after our blood is taken it passes through only the most expert hands until it reaches its destination. The only blood that is not used is that which has fat in it which would go rancid if kept. One would be amazed if he could see a sample of the blood, which is a whitish, milky color, oozing with fat, in comparison with the clear red fluid of normal blood.

Nearly everyone must have found their way to clinic at least once by now. The system of blood donating this year is being run on an entirely voluntary basis, and this is a point which we wish all students to understand. Secondly, the Blood Donor Clinic is giving out appointments to avoid any waiting in line. All they ask is that you do not break this appointment—and if you cannot go, to have somebody take your place.

It is to be stressed that students must not go down to the clinic after having eaten nothing at all. The clinic emphasizes that something light should be eaten before going down. The clinic will mail each donor details of foods which must not be eaten, and the Cafeteria and Big and Little Tucks are co-operating in suggesting a suitable menu on the day your blood is to be taken.

Thursday is the only evening on which the clinic is able to operate, and any volunteers who can possibly arrange to go down on Monday or Tuesday mornings would ease the situation and enable the clinic to handle more donors.

## Musical Club Holds Program In Con. Hall

The University Musical Club held its first meeting and concert of the season on Sunday night in Convocation Hall. The program consisted of selections by Miss Noreen Bristow, vocalist; Miss Zonia Lazarovich, violinist; and Miss Nelda Faulkner, pianist.

Miss Faulkner opened the program with Debussy's "Reflections in the Water." Her other selections were "Berceuse" by Jacques de la Presle, and "Prelude" by Prokofieff.

Some thoroughly delightful numbers were performed by Miss Lazarovich, who was accompanied at the piano by Lucy Gainer. They were: "A Romp," by Woos; "Ukrainian Folk Tune," by Kosatschok; Dvorak's well-known "Slavonic Dance," arranged by Fritz Kreisler; and "Day Break," by Samuel Gardiner.

Miss Bristow had variety in her selections, which included "Prelude," by Charles London, "Why Do I Love You?" from Jerome Kern's "Show Boat," Irving Berlin's "It's a Lovely Day Tomorrow," and Malott's setting of The Lord's Prayer. Miss Bristow was accompanied by Mrs. Betty Sims.

The musical club plans to have four meetings during the season, the next one being held the first Sunday in December, where the program will consist of classical music.

The club executive for this year consists of Jack Osborne, president; Alex Snowdon, vice-president; Elizabeth Campbell, secretary-treasurer; Gwyneth Jones and Lucy Gainer, student representatives. Honorary president is Dr. D. B. Scott, of the Department of Physics at the University.

## THE GATEWAY

### On the Air

CKUA invites you to listen to:

**Monday**  
12:30—Prairie Farm Broadcast.  
1:00—Music Lovers Corner.  
6:30—Chimney Corner.  
6:45—Curtain Going Up.  
7:00—Musical Hour.  
8:15—Life of General Smuts.  
8:30—French Adult Education.  
9:00—Evening Music.  
9:15—Farm and Home.

**Tuesday**  
12:30—Prairie Farm Broadcast.  
1:00—Music Lovers Corner.  
6:30—Men of Music.  
6:45—Men of Music.  
7:00—Musical Hour.  
8:15—Behind the Headlines.  
8:30—Song of Empire, CBC.  
9:00—Citizens Forum, CBC.  
9:15—Citizens Forum, CBC.

**Wednesday**  
12:30—Prairie Farm Broadcast.  
1:00—Music Lovers Corner.  
6:30—Chimney Corner.  
6:45—Treasure Trove.  
7:00—Musical Hour.  
8:15—World of Science.  
8:30—Theatre Time.  
9:00—Tenor and Baritone.  
9:15—Farm and Home.

**Thursday**  
12:30—Prairie Farm Broadcast.  
1:00—Music Lovers Corner.  
6:30—Gateway News.  
6:45—Choose Your World.  
7:00—Musical Hour (Organ Recital).  
8:15—Credit Unions.  
9:00—Drama.

**Friday**  
12:30—Prairie Farm Broadcast.  
1:00—Music Lovers' Corner.  
6:30—Chimney Corner.  
6:45—Alberta Stories.  
7:00—Musical Request Hour.  
8:15—Education For Tomorrow.  
8:30—To be announced, CBC.  
9:00—Tenor and Baritone.  
9:15—Farm and Home.

**Saturday**  
12:00—News.  
12:30—Opera Broadcast.  
3:00—Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra.

**Sunday**  
12:00—News.  
1:00—N.Y. Philharmonic.

Remember to listen in at 7:00 p.m. Thursday, Nov. 16, for the second in the series of organ recitals by Prof. L. H. Nichols.

### Med. Society Holds Annual Banquet, Dance

Long anticipated, the twenty-second Annual Banquet of the Medical Undergraduate Society was held the evening of Wednesday, Nov. 8. This function, taking place at the Macdonald Hotel, was followed, as per usual, by a ball, with fully as much bounce as the pre-war variety. The affairs, all in all, bid to be considered one of the best of its kind in every way.

The banquet commenced at 6:30 p.m. in the main dining saloon (emphasis mine) of the "Mac," with the usual festive spirit prevailing. The

siding at the head table, Jim Metcalfe ably filled the position of toastmaster in the absence of Dick Corbett, who was at the moment believed to be taxing the resources of Montreal, in the interests of the C.A.M.S.I.

At the conclusion of the ingestion period, Norm Campbell, a lowly first year, proposed the toast to the services, responded to by Col. J. E. Hunter, District Medical O.C. for M.D. 13. Bill MacEwan then assured himself of a pass at Xmas by toasting "The Faculty," the reply being given by Dr. J. MacGregor.

A highlight of the evening came when Dr. Cantor, in his own inimitable manner, presented the Mosenthal Trophies, annually presented to a second year Med for "super-rental performance in the field of Biochemistry." The award was made to "three litre Peter" Pilipiuk, for his extraordinary capacity for, and retention of, the subject matter. Though outwardly calm during the proceedings, the winner later confided to your correspondent that he had had trouble containing himself.

Dr. R. G. Huckell toasted the graduating class, and bade them God-speed with a wish and a warning. On behalf of the grad class, George Christie reviewed the salient features of the stay at Varsity of his class; unique in that it is the last to graduate under the old curriculum, but the first to be completely accelerated from the beginning.

Dr. A. E. Archer, of Lamont, past president of the Canadian Medical Association, spoke briefly on Health Insurance, State Medicine, their problems and their applications. The speaker of the opposition was Rene

O'Rell's book, "Les Ecossais Vus par Un Francais".

Max O'Rell is the pen name of Paul Blout, a Frenchman who, during a stay of four months in Scotland in 1887, collected a variety of anecdotes with which he entertains his readers. Let me give you a few examples.

Donald, or L'Ami Macdonald, has quite a flair for business. Accused of insulting a policeman, he was condemned to six days' imprisonment, or to the payment of a fine amounting to 3 francs. "I'll go to jail," he said, and to jail he went. You see, this establishment was situated in a town where the Scotchman had some business to the railway ticket there cost 3 francs 25 centimes. The day following his arrival at the jail, Donald went up to the authorities, paid his fine and, happy as a lark at having saved 25 centimes, set off to do his business.

In the recent M.U.S. elections the following were elected:

Fifth Year Rep.—L. H. Edwards.  
Fourth Year Rep.—C. M. Fletcher.  
Women's Rep.—M. C. Arvey.

In closing, with your permission I would like to confirm a rumor, of which there has been some attempt at suppression by certain elements on the campus, namely, that the Med-Pharm-Dent team have somehow managed to cop the Interfacial Rugby Championship.

And in closing, with your permission—I close.

"Marie," says he, "this is where my parents lie." Then bending down, he whispered this in her ear: "Say, Marie, would you like to lie there, too, some day?"

1928

## Ships got Nickel Alloy lungs

WHEN THE C.P.S. LINER "Duchess of Bedford" slid down the ways in 1928, a new era opened in the design of power plants for ships at sea. This liner was the first to use high pressure steam necessitating the use of highly corrosion-resistant condenser tubes.

The condensers are the lungs of the ship's power plant. They condense the steam so that the fresh water in the boilers can be used over and over again.

The "Duchess of Bedford" provided the final proof that Cupro-Nickel condenser tubes (70% Copper, 30% Nickel) could resist the severe corrosion and give much longer life than previously used metals and so cut down repairs and costly tie-ups.

The Canadian Nickel industry, depressed through the loss of its wartime markets, was quick to take advantage of this new market. Definite improvements in the quality and finish of this Nickel alloy were made. Soon Cupro-Nickel condenser tubes were being used in practically all new ships.

Today Canadian Nickel is again diverted to war purposes, and again the industry looks to the future with confidence. Plans are ready to develop and expand old and new peacetime markets, so that the Nickel industry may continue through its own initiative and enterprise, to make still greater contributions to Canada's welfare.

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## Five Men Named to Golden Bears

### SENIOR SCHEDULE

Nov. 20—Vic vs. Y.M.C.A.; 49th vs. Navy.  
Nov. 27—Navy vs. Vic; Y.M.C.A. vs. Golden Bears.  
Dec. 4—Vic vs. 49th; Golden Bears vs. Navy.  
Dec. 11—Navy vs. Y.M.C.A.; Golden Bears vs. 49th.  
Dec. 18—49th vs. Y.M.C.A.; Vic vs. Golden Bears.

### The Aquacade

By Bill Lindsay

Yes, folks, the time draws nearer for our first gala of the year, which will be held on Thursday, Nov. 23, at 8:30 p.m. All of you who have been improving your swimming under the guidance of Dave Sissons will now have a chance to show what you can do for your faculty. The executive is busy arranging for the judges, starters and timers so that the stage will be set for you to set a new record in that race you are entering.

Although this is an Interfaculty gala, the highest scoring individual will be declared tops for the night. Each individual is allowed to enter two events only, and each faculty is permitted to make two entries in each race. Each faculty may enter both a men's and women's team, and if the grapevine tells me, the "beermen" wish to enter a women's team they may do so, and more power to them. Those who wish to enter a particular event must report to their faculty captains, who are as follows: Men: Ags., Bob Kasting; Arts and Science, Bill Lindsay; Engineers, Duncan Bath; Meds., Cecil Mickelson. Women: Arts and Science, Nora Mitchell; Education, Lillian Gibson; House Ec., Alice Stewart-Irvine.

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## Three Veterans, Two Frosh Selected By Coach Vi Wood

Eliminations for the Golden Bears basketball team were still under way at Saturday's practice. Thirteen men were on hand, but as yet Coach Vi Wood has picked only five of the ten players who will make the team. Those named were Al Manifold, Del Steed, Phil Proctor, Don Steed and Don Wooley. Manifold and Steed will start at guard, with Proctor at centre, Don Steed at left forward, and Don Wooley at right. Although the teamwork and floor play of these five Bears was an improvement over last year, the shooting as yet left something to be desired. However, the season is still young, and the fellows perhaps a little rusty.

Phil Proctor, the new pivot man, is definitely showing class this year. With one season of senior ball to his credit already, we can look forward to higher scores from Phil this winter. At Saturday's practice Proctor's

work under the basket, especially his one-handed flip shots and ability to garner rebounds, was outstanding. He makes good use of his height, a handicap to any opposing team, and the essential quality of a pivot man. The new forwards, Don and Don, lack the height of last year's Golden Bears, but have the advantage of speed and more sure fingered ball-handling. Don Steed especially shows plenty of past experience. Tricky but clever shots and passes, mingled with speed, seems to be the talent of these two.

As usual, Al Manifold put on a display of smooth basketball. He is still the same reliable man, good for eight points in any game. Del Steed's shooting is acquiring of past seasons, and last Saturday it was hot.

In comparison with last year's team, your reporter would say this season's Bears will have less height

but more speed, better teamwork, more co-operation in general, and perhaps more experience. The style of ball should be faster, and the scores will be (if we may make this prediction) higher. Also on hand was Ed Patching, the new basketball manager. The Bears will miss Ed as a player, but should benefit from his past experience in his newly acquired office.

Saturday afternoon the Aggies held a pep rally on the floor, in the form of a basketball practice. Plenty of farmers and chore boys were on hand, along with the usual gallery of arm-chair and sideline managers. With no fewer than eighteen men dressed, the Aggies certainly started the reason off right.

Rumor has it that the Meds may not be able to field a team. This, we hope, is not characteristic of the Meds after that modest write-up which everyone no doubt read in last week's Gateway under "Slide Rule Slants." However, Thursday's game at 9:15 with the Engineers will tell the tale. Could we be will hear more about it later.

The Arts and Eds have assured Interfac Manager Reed Payne that a team will be playing. Therefore, all Arts and Ed players are asked to be hand at 4:30 for practice in the Drill Hall. Interfac requires only one hour one night a week, so let's turn out, Arts and Ed.

Below is the schedule for the fall term. Remember, gang, these games aren't just for the players and officials. You would enjoy them also. Try it—you'll find we're right.

**Interfaculty Basketball Schedule**

Thurs., Nov. 16—Ags. vs. Dents, 8:15;	Meds. vs. Engs., 9:15.
Tues., Nov. 21—Arts-Ed vs. Ag., 6:45.	
Thurs., Nov. 23—Meds. vs. Dents, 8:15;	Eng. vs. Arts-Ed., 9:15.
Tues., Nov. 28—Meds. vs. Ag., 6:45.	
Thurs., Nov. 30—Arts-Ed. vs. Dents, 8:15.	
Tues., Dec. 5—Eng. vs. Ags., 6:45.	
Thurs., Dec. 7—Arts-Ed. vs. Meds., 8:15.	

The squads will be: Aggies guided by Hu Harries; Dents, led by Tom James; Meds, driven by Bert Hall; Arts-Ed, under Reed Shields; Engineers, pushed along by Reed Nelson.

All club members not entering and others interested are welcome to come as spectators. The place is the Y.W.C.A. on 103rd Street, one half-block south of Jasper.

## Co-Ed "Stag" Party Crashed By Disguised Ubyssey Editor

Vancouver, B.C. (via CUP)—The Saturday Editor of the Ubyssey, Cal Whitehead, crashed the annual "stag" party of the U.B.C. Women's Undergraduate Society. Disguised as a co-ed, he sneaked past the girl at the door, and joined the girls, who were dressed in nightgowns and pyjamas. He was not noticed during his participation in the games and other events. He was almost discovered during the singing because of his bass voice, but he managed to explain this off as a cold. However, near the end of the evening, one of the girls, a sports reporter on the Ubyssey, recognized him, and the entire group of girls chased him out. No injuries resulted. The culprit managed to get away with his masquerade by decking himself out in a green candlewick gown over blue pyjamas, with a long wig and feminine accessories.

**UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA RETURNED MEN'S ASSOCIATION**

Elected Friday, November 10:  
President: ex-Flight Lieut. Blake Forrest, D.F.C. (pre-engineering). Vice-President: ex-Flying Officer Kenneth Crockett, who served with the R.C.A.F. for two years in India and eight months in England (2nd year law).

Secretary: ex-Flight Sergt. Claude May, who served 2½ years with the R.C.A.F., and who flew on operations from both Canadian coasts (1st year engineering).

Manager of Entertainments: Mike Bevan, now in 4th year agriculture, after serving with both the Canadian Army and R.C.A.F.

Hon. President: Lieut.-Col. E. H. Strickland, now Professor of Entomology.

Largo from New World Symphony Dvorak Requiem Aeternam. Basil Harwood Two Minutes Silence Dead March in Saul Handel A hymn: Now praise we great and famous men.

God Save the King Recessional: Pomp and Circumstance Elgar

The selections played by Professor Nichols were well adapted to the occasion.

It is of interest to know that the Organ and Tablets in the halls of the University are a memorial to the fallen in the First Great War, and were erected in 1925 by the alumni of the University with funds given by graduates, members of the teaching staff, employees, undergraduates and friends of the University.

An organ recital has been held

each year since then at the hour of the inauguration of the organ, and was given this year also as a tribute to include those of the University who have already given their lives in the present war.

Rev. Father R. V. Britton, Editor of the Western Catholic, celebrated mass and preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion, reminding his hearers of their obligation to remember in their prayers the souls of their departed conferees who have died in defence of freedom and democracy.

A final benediction and absolution concluded the service. St. Joseph's chapel was filled to capacity as the students gathered to pay tribute to their friends of recent years.

Telephone 23495

**NEWMAN CLUB HOLD SERVICE FOR WAR DEAD**

On Sunday, Nov. 12, members of the Newman Club assisted at a memorial mass and benediction for University students who have made the supreme sacrifice in the present world war.

Rev. Father R. V. Britton, Editor of the Western Catholic, celebrated mass and preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion, reminding his hearers of their obligation to remember in their prayers the souls of their departed conferees who have died in defence of freedom and democracy.

A final benediction and absolution concluded the service. St. Joseph's chapel was filled to capacity as the students gathered to pay tribute to their friends of recent years.

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BRITISH WOOLLENS

## Coach Tommy McClocklin is Convinced He Has Makings of Championship Team

Girls' basketball this year is going to be bigger and better than ever. The number trying for the Senior team has increased somewhat from previous years, and all show good basketball form. There should be no difficulty in selecting a winning team.

There seems to be a new enthusiasm around the campus for sports in general, and especially for Senior basketball. With the remaining members from last year's team and the new hoop stars, we should really go places. Of course, everybody needs the dust brushed off and a little oil on the rusty hinges and joints, but with the expert and efficient coaching of our old friend Tommy McClocklin, things are shaping up for a fine season.

This club is a new arrival to the campus, and judging from the turnout of interested students, should prove most popular.

Even though the most necessary item, the "ping-pong" ball, is almost a thing of the past, we think the club has "eye on the ball," and through influential friends will be able to obtain those "elusive little balls."

Time for play has not been definitely decided upon, so all interested table tennis fans watch the bulletin boards for further notices.

## Outdoor Club Looks Forward To Waw-Waw

Are Putting on Show at Garneau Theatre, Friday

Hey, kids! Do you want to know the truth about Sadie Hawkins' Day? For a nominal financial consideration at the Garneau Theatre, you can be really in the know—as well as seeing a swell movie. The shining lights of the Outdoor Club have unearthed several rare old manuscripts which they will publicly enact for Daisy and Joe, at this so-auspicious time. You may think you know all, but no one is truly informed until they have gaped in awe at the fatal pronouncements of John "You'll Never Know Him" Linney, the breath-taking beauty of a couple of well-known co-eds, and the herculean accomplishments of Bob "Beat-Me-Daddy" Walker. Contracts are pending between the O.C. and many most-prominent Daisies and Joes, who will lend their talents to this excruciating extravaganza of exciting exposition.

The girls are out faithfully to practices, where they go through the old one-two under the watchful eye of Coach McClocklin, and, believe me (this is inside information), it's no less than a third degree. However, we all enjoy it.

Some members of last year's team are back in harness again to see what can be done in '44-'45. These faithful few, with the newcomers showing such promising form, will be a combination that should prove rather annoying to any opponents.

The following members of the gentler sex can be found in the gym on Wednesday evenings and Saturday afternoons acquainting themselves with the why's and wherefore's of basketball technique:

**June Caugrove:** Practically a full-fledged nurse, and a favorite athlete around Varsity for the past three years, is back in commission. June was not able to be an active member last year due to her unco-operative appendix, but seems to be in good condition after her rest.

**Eleanor Krys:** Representative of Varsity on the team for two years, is gracing the floor once more. She, along with Vera Hole and Sylvia Callaway, learned the rules of the game at Victoria High School right here in Edmonton. They helped spark the Vicites to the City High School Trophy for three successive years, back in—well, that's another story. Vera has the experience, height and ability that makes her hard to beat. Hole and Callaway, "The Long and the Short of it," contribute to Coach McClocklin's sleepless nights and account for his grey hairs. However, they are a good playing combination, so watch them.

**Dot Wilson:** Another member of the Nightingale Squad, proves along with the others that the Nurses have other interests than just a newly-wedded uniform.

**Dorothy Jones:** Who hails from Clyde, is a newcomer this year. She played for one of the city league teams last year, and works well with the team.

**Norma Howard:** Another home-town star, comes from Westing High. Norma is well known in speed skating and swimming circles

as well as on the basketball floor.

**Lois Dunlop:** "Sonny" to all her former basketball fans, acquired her fine technique here in Edmonton at Scona. Sonny is a very promising asset to the team.

**Lil Gibson:** Well known to all for her athletic ability, also may be seen on the floor showing her usual spirit of co-operation and enthusiasm.

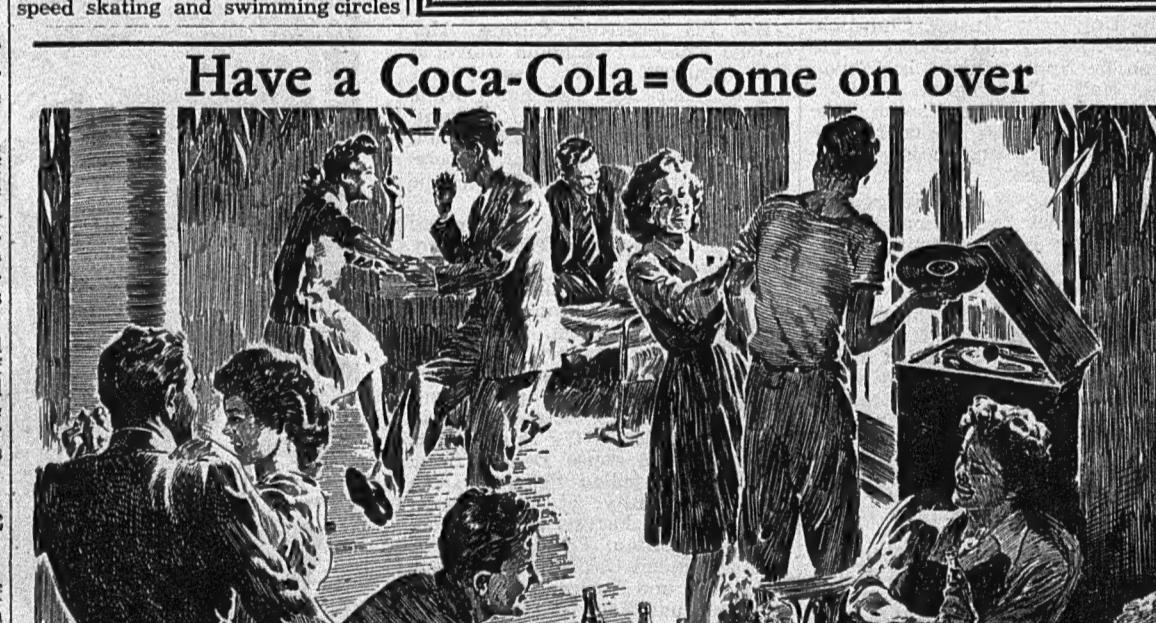
Adding strength to the above are such new members to Varsity's hoop squad as Dot Ward, Gwen Caverhill, Hazel Bennett, Lillian Gehrk, Eileen Smith, Jackie McKay.

The team this year really intends to put its best foot forward and bring basketball to the fore again. We have the right coach and the girls that can do it. But the team needs your support. How about it? Are you with us?

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